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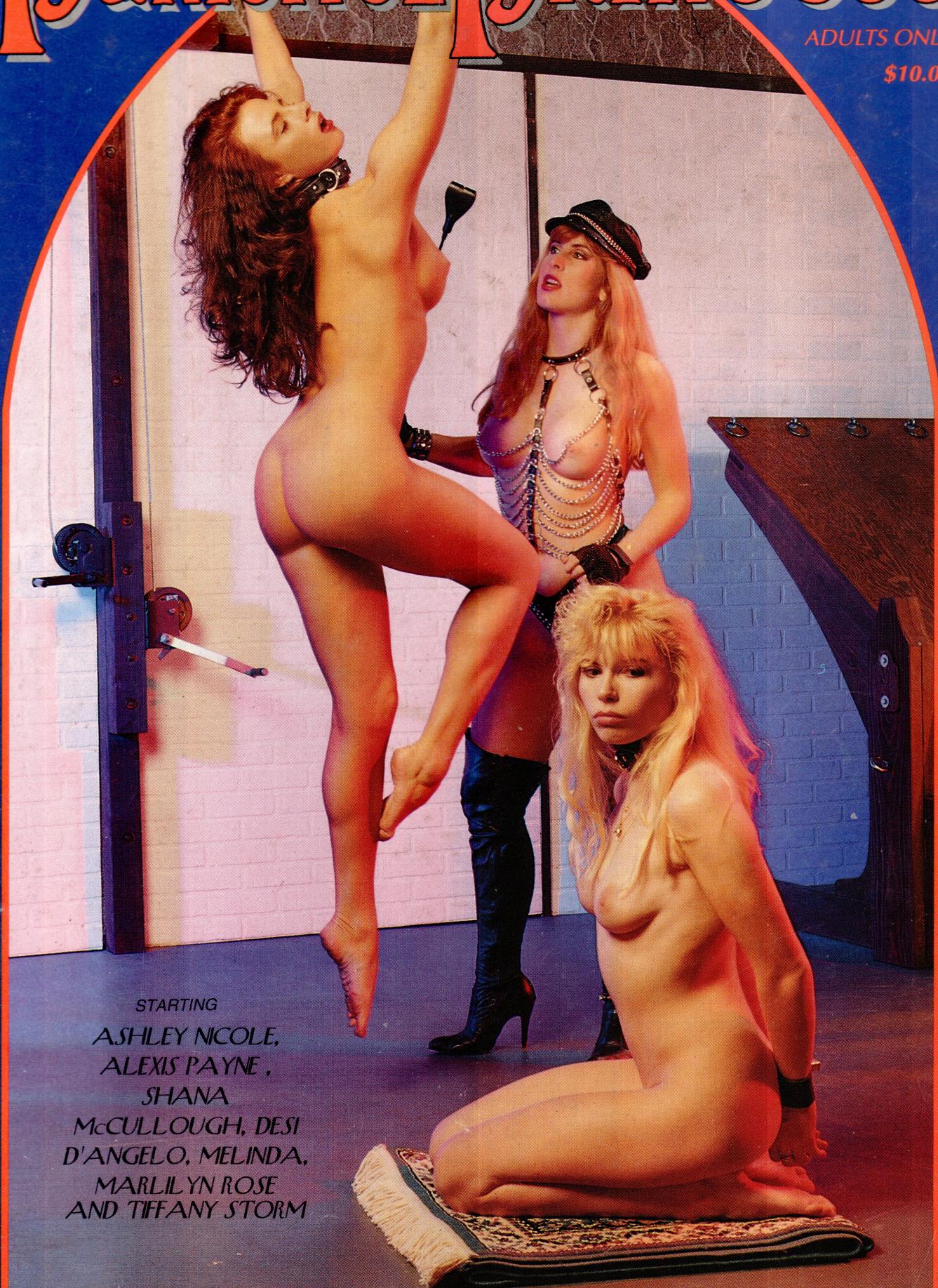
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PUNISHED PRINCESS

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ALEXIS PAYNE,
SHANA
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D'ANGELO, MELINDA,
MARLILYN ROSE
AND TIFFANY STORM

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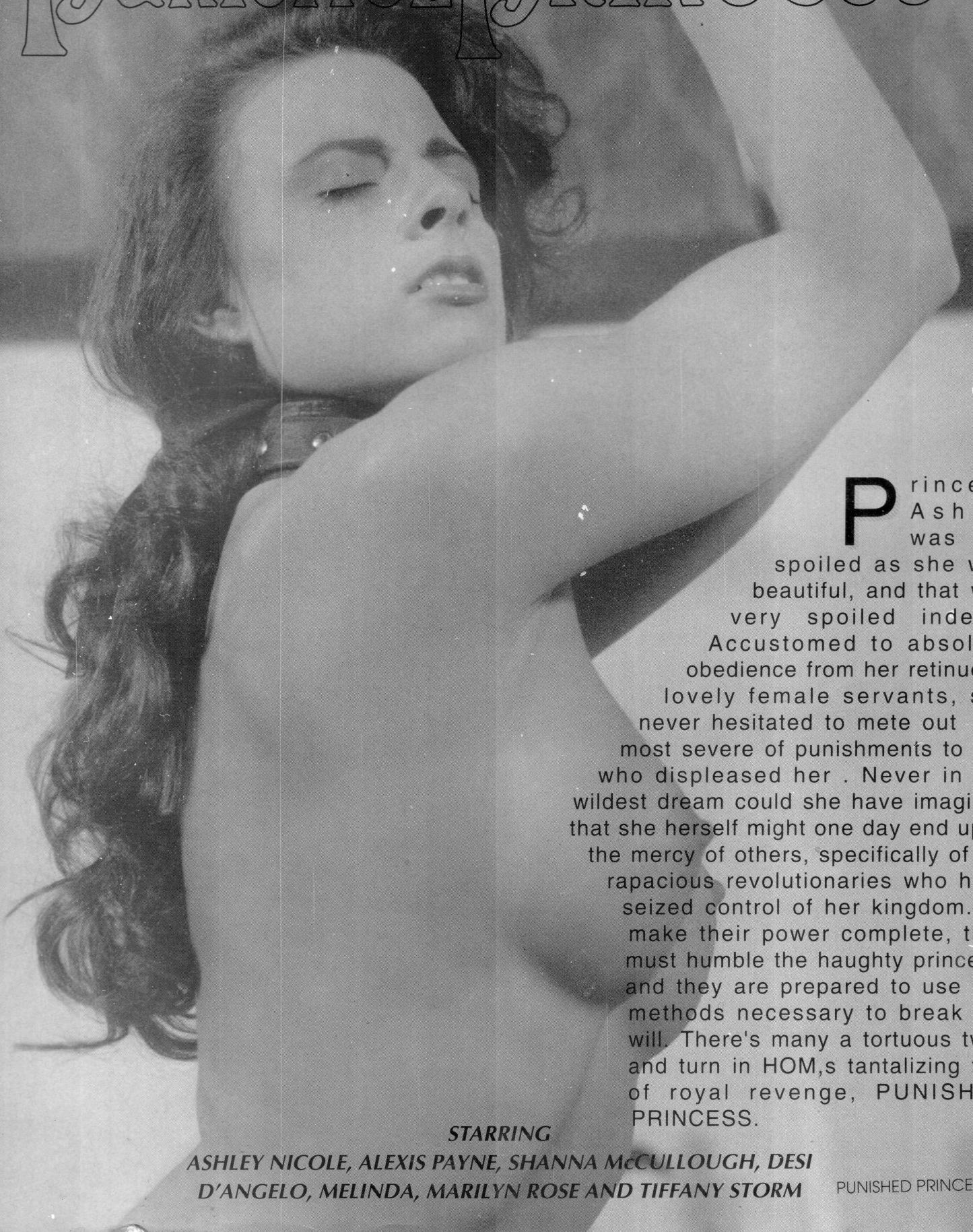
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HOM PRESENTS

PUNISHED PRINCESS



Princess Ashira was as spoiled as she was beautiful, and that was very spoiled indeed. Accustomed to absolute obedience from her retinue of lovely female servants, she never hesitated to mete out the most severe of punishments to any who displeased her. Never in her wildest dream could she have imagined that she herself might one day end up at the mercy of others, specifically of the rapacious revolutionaries who have seized control of her kingdom. To make their power complete, they must humble the haughty princess, and they are prepared to use any methods necessary to break her will. There's many a tortuous twist and turn in HOM's tantalizing tale of royal revenge, PUNISHED PRINCESS.

STARRING

ASHLEY NICOLE, ALEXIS PAYNE, SHANNA McCULLOUGH, DESI D'ANGELO, MELINDA, MARILYN ROSE AND TIFFANY STORM

PUNISHED PRINCESS 3

PUNISHED PRINCESS

There were many attributes with which Princess Ashira had been blessed, and which she had carried with her into exile when the kingdom she and her clan had ruled with absolute autocracy for generations finally fell into the hands of fanatical revolutionaries. She possessed not only great wealth, but also sensational, sensual beauty and the fiery, passionate nature to go with it, making her virtually irresistible to men and women alike. Her proud and willful demeanor made her a natural ruler, even though her domain was now shrunken to the house and grounds of her luxurious rented estate here in America. One virtue with which Ashira had not been endowed, however, was patience. Used as she was to the absolute subservience of an

entire kingdom, she was quick to anger when displeased, unleashing her wrath upon the small but loyal band of retainers who had followed her in her flight. As the only remaining subjects under the princess' rule, they were the unfortunate recipients of all her frustrated wills and whims.

No wonder then that her servant girls came running from their work in the garden at the sound of her imperious command. Already trembling, they sheepishly entered her royal presence, fearfully remembering the penalties she had dished out to them with such relish in the past. Though exquisitely beautiful, Ashira was also arrogant and cruel, and that was the side of her that her servants knew all too well.



Sure enough, they found that they had once again inspired Ashira's displeasure. Though they attempted to babble out their excuses, that they had been in the garden together planting roses, she was implacable as always. Reminding them that even an ocean away from her kingdom, she was still in danger from the machinations of the revolutionaries back home and was never to be left alone, she demanded to know why she had been left totally unattended while the servants went about their humble tasks. Knowing better than to deepen their predicament with further argument, they sank to their knees in silence, awaiting the punishment they knew could not be avoided. They swiftly obeyed their ruler's command to make themselves naked in her presence.

Ordered to bend over a heavy chest, arms folded behind them, bottoms turned up conveniently to the Princess' eye and hand, they each received a full measure of sound, hard swats to the rump, administered with Ashira's practiced hand. They had learned from experience that their liege took great personal pleasure in correcting wayward subjects and that she would not be satisfied until she had done a thorough job of it.





Indeed, even when both their bottoms glowed red from repeated impact of the princess' palm and they both whimpered and squirmed from the burning pain she had inflicted on their hindquarters, Ashira was not satisfied. Hanging their heads in sorrow and apprehension, they went off to fetch the cuffs and whips as commanded.

Now they found themselves bent forward with their faces to the floor, their wrists and ankles bound to wide bars that bound them in a most uncomfortable and immodest position that made their

already-aching behinds the more conveniently accessible to Ashira's riding crop, which she wielded with the pitiless skill of one who has long enjoyed the habit of ventilating her spite on the helpless and unfortunate. Again and again, the crop rose and fell, leaving bright, new splotches of crimson and violet on the already-inflamed flesh of the two hapless servant girls. The bars to which they were bound reduced them to helpless targets for her rage, unable to escape or protect themselves in any way.







When the scourging was finally completed, Ashira was planning to leave the girls, still naked, bound and gagged, to contemplate their transgressions for a time. With a final lecture on their general unsatisfactoriness as servants for a royal personage such as herself, she prepared to take her leave, oblivious to their frantic pleas from behind the muffling gags. Little did she know

of the peril of which they were vainly attempting to warn her. A mysterious woman in black had entered the room with silent stealth and was now creeping up on the princess from the rear, a pillowcase in one hand and a length of rope in the other.

Before either girl could get Ashira's attention, the intruder struck, pulling the pillowcase down over Ashira's head, knocking her to the floor and, with amazing swiftness, binding her hands behind her back. Ashira's outraged howling and struggling proved no match for the black-clad woman's strength and skill.



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Moments later, Ashira found herself in a situation she could never have imagined in her worst nightmares. Stripped of her elegant clothing, she lay flat on her back, tied to a wood-slatted bed frame in between her two servants. All three were tied hand and foot and gagged speechless. It was the intruder who did the talking, oblivious to Ashira's inarticulate protestations and blazing looks. Identifying herself only as The Mistress, she calmly explained that she was working in the pay of the revolutionaries who had deposed Ashira's family, and that she would soon be returning the captive monarch to her homeland, where she would serve the political purposes of her enemies, whether she liked it or not.

Moreover, The Mistress explained, she and her prisoner had something in common. They both enjoyed their respective roles in life, and it would therefore be The Mistress' pleasure to give Ashira a little taste of what awaited her back in her homeland, something for the princess to think about during the plane ride scheduled for the following day.

Taking up the whip Ashira had so enthusiastically employed on her serving girls, The Mistress set to work on the bound, nude bodies of all three, dispensing sharp strokes to the rows of breasts, bellies and thighs conveniently stretched out at hand. The Mistress seemed to linger with particular delight over the voluptuous body of the princess herself, never before exposed to such indignities.





Soon the three girls were writhing and moaning as one, their taut bodies streaming with sweat as The Mistress worked her way up and down from the sensitive tips of the nipples to the excruciatingly tender soles of the feet, leaving a trail of raised welts and vermillion stripes wherever the whip found targets of convenience.







Ashira was not to enjoy a common fate with the others for long, however. After a short absence, The Mistress returned to free Ashira from the frame, only to drag her upstairs to what had been her own bedroom. There, she revealed her personal intentions for the princess. Cuffing Ashira's hands in leather and then chaining them to an overhead beam, she buckled a heavy leather slave collar around the princess' graceful neck and forced her to her knees. Excited by the idea of having such a powerful and commanding figure at her disposal, The Mistress had decided to make Ashira serve her as a slave until her departure the next day. From the lascivious look in The Mistress' eye, Ashira could easily imagine what kind of services would be required in this case, and she made it clear she had not intention of complying.

Having anticipated this, the Mistress produced a leather flogger with many tails, with which she set to work on Ashira's body at once. Ashira's already-tender front received a whole new set of

stripes and weals, subsequently balanced with volley of lashes administered to the princess' previously unmarked backside, which her kneeling position made all-too-available to invasive flogger. The whip's tails seemed to possess a mind of their own, seeking out the tender spots between Ashira's legs, producing undignified yelps and squeals that the princess could not contain.

Tossing the whip aside, The Mistress stepped in front of Ashira, hiked up her short skirt, grabbed the princess by the hair and pulled her face up to where she wanted it. Ashira was anything but prudish, having sampled the pleasures the world afforded to those of wealth and position. Under other circumstances, she might have enjoyed the company of such a beautiful and imposing woman. But here, like this, as a prisoner with know will of her own, every lick and slurp was an agony of humiliation and debasement. For this, there would have to be a truly royal vengeance at the earliest possible date.





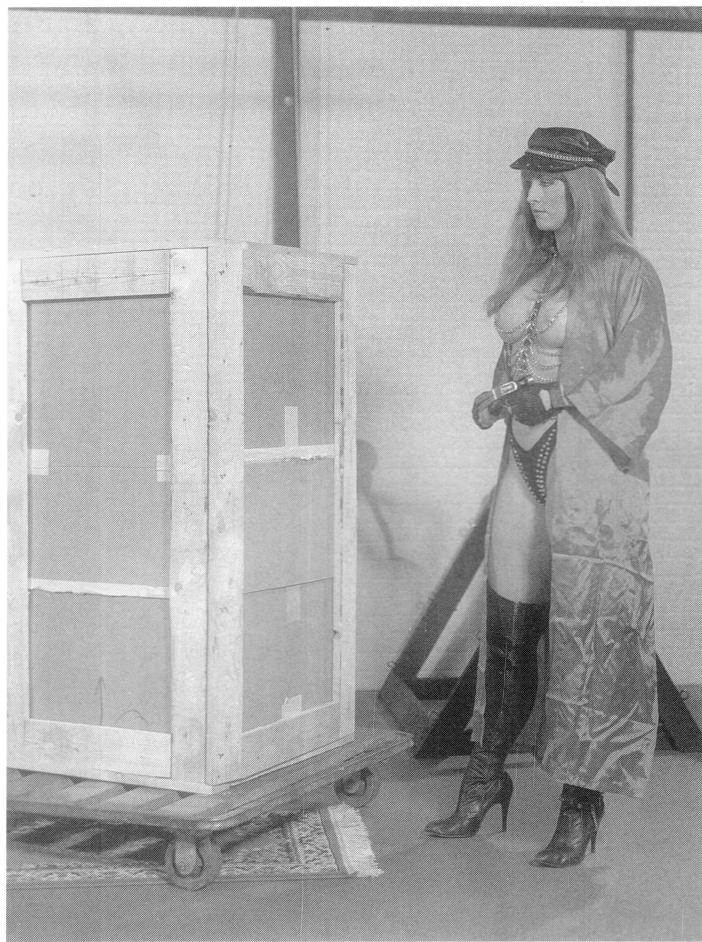


That date would not come soon, however, for after The Mistress was done with her, Ashira was immediately crated for shipping. A leather blindfold was strapped across her face, a gag thrust into her mouth and her wrists bound to her ankles, compacting her lush body into a tight bundle. The Mistress then shoved her into a large shipping container and nailed it shut, oblivious to Ashira's whining and thumping from within.

The hours that followed were lost in fear and darkness. Cramped, claustrophobic and utterly aware of her own nudity and helplessness, Ashira huddled in the crate as it was hauled from the house to a van, from the van onto a waiting jet, and then from the jet by truck to an unknown location, all with much jarring, bumping and bruising for the crate's unwilling tenant.

Ashira's mind would have been in no way reassured had she known her ultimate destination, the former royal dungeon of her own palace where Sonya, ranking member of the Revolutionary Council, awaited her. Sonya, who had long envied and despised her rival Ashira, contemplated with relish the many instruments laid out for her use in this chamber of suffering where the princess herself was said to have enjoyed so many nights of perverse pleasure. Now it would be Ashira's turn to experience the ordeal of subjugation and Sonya, herself a woman of cruel appetites, was just the one to administer it to her.





When the heavy crate was finally wheeled into the dungeon, Sonya couldn't wait to pry open the lid, yanking her naked, bedraggled prey out into the vast chamber where, once the blindfold was removed, Ashira stood blinking as her aching muscles tried to un-kink themselves. When she realized where she was, Ashira suddenly longed for the security of the crate, but Sonya held her firmly by her cuffed hands, which she promptly hooked up to a hoist dropped from above, cranking Ashira's hands high above her head so the princess was stretched onto painful point.

Instantly recognizing her hated foe, Ashira spat out a salvo of invective when Sonya yanked the gag from her mouth, but Sonya was only amused by Ashira's curses and threats. In time, this spoiled aristocrat would learn the manners correct to her new station. In fact, she would come to be of great use to the revolution as a docile figurehead who would legitimize their ruthless excesses, just as she would, in time, become accustomed to her private status as Sonya's personal plaything.







Ashira's boldly defiant response to these outrageous propositions died in her throat as Sonya turned her back and walked out of the dungeon, only to return a moment later, dragging the huddled, fearful figures of Ashira's two personal handmaidens, Melinda and Desiree, behind her in chains. Other than their fetters, they wore only shredded scraps of their court finery. Their

battered and bruised bodies and frightened expressions bore witness to the abuse they had endured. Sonya shoved them mockingly to their knees in front of their former monarch, where they hung their heads in sorrow, begging forgiveness for their inability to resist the torments of their captors.



This brief and pitiful reunion was harshly interrupted by Sonya, who had brought the girls in for the express purpose of making examples of what might happen to Ashira herself if she chose not to cooperate with Sonya's schemes. Despite the pleas of all three, Melinda and Deseree were promptly stripped of their scraps and cuffed, bent over, to a stout whipping horse. Ashira was dragged to a nearby stretching rack upon which she was chained, sitting up, so she could watch the proceedings with hate-filled eyes.





Sonya gave no quarter as she went to work on the backsides of the handmaidens with the assortment of whips at her disposal. Alternating between the quirt and the cat, she drew howls of anguish and heart-wrenching entreaties for mercy as she worked her way back and forth, slashing and smacking with stinging accuracy and not a hint of compassion. The chains rattled and the

whips sung, against a backdrop of the sounds of leather hitting flesh and feminine cries and sobs echoing off the chamber's stone walls. How different it all seemed to Ashira from her new perspective from when she herself had dispensed the punishments here not so long ago.









Satisfied at last with the uniform redness of the sniffling, whimpering girls' posteriors, Sonya, who was nothing if not thorough, acted to make sure the fronts of their firm, young bodies were not neglected. Too weak and afraid to protest, they allowed themselves to be led to a slanting bondage board, where Sonya quickly locked them down side-by-side, wrists and ankles pinioned by

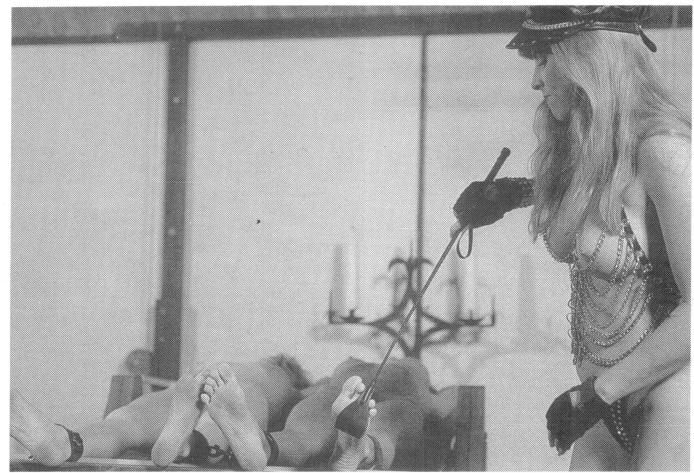
heavy iron rings at either end. Tilted back with their hands above their heads, they were the picture of appealing vulnerability. Now the whips were free to seek out sensitive new regions—nipples, clits, inner thighs—eliciting new choruses of shrieks and wails. The spectacle was almost as unbearable for the helpless princess to watch as it was for her luckless former subjects to undergo.





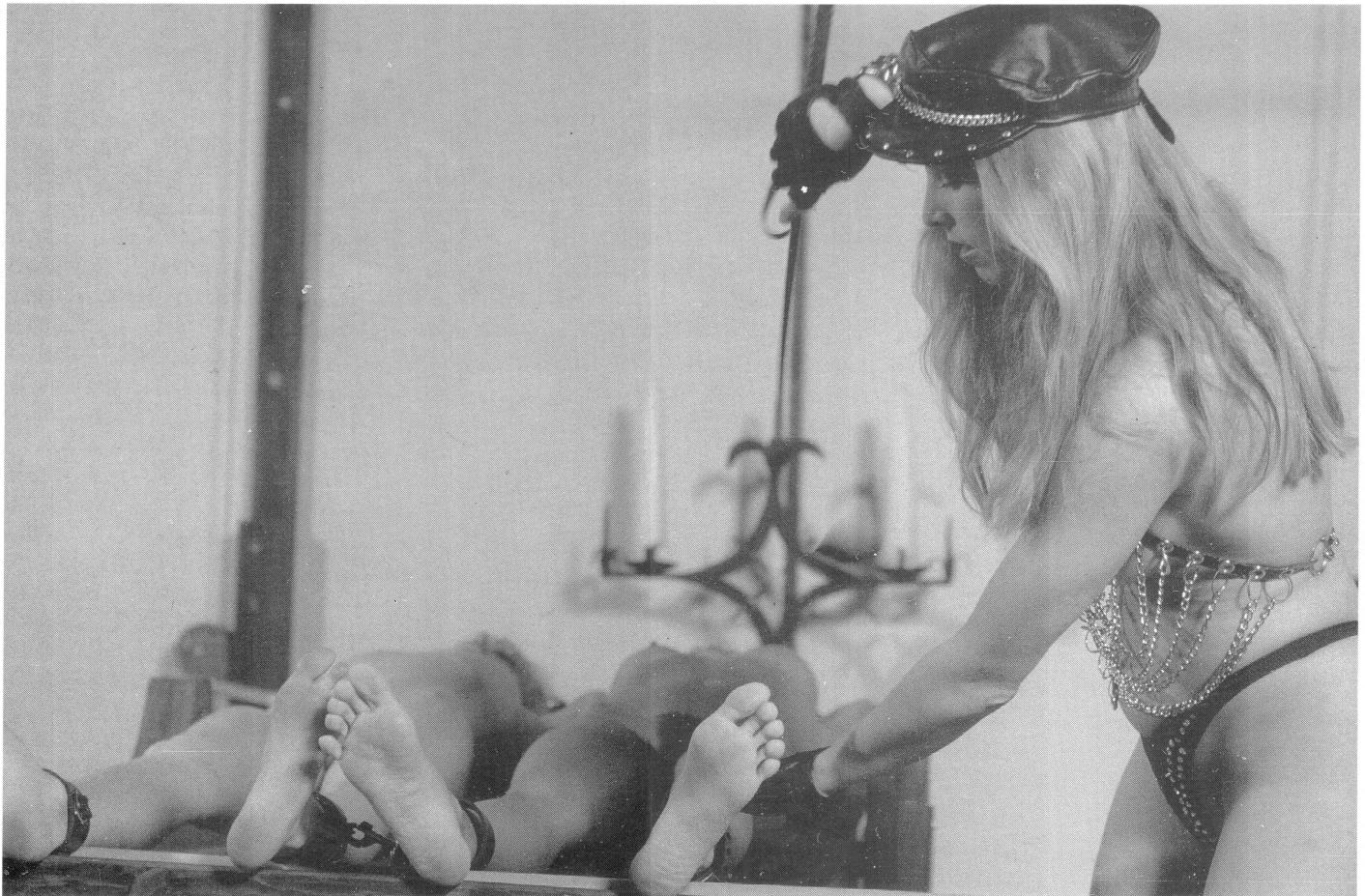


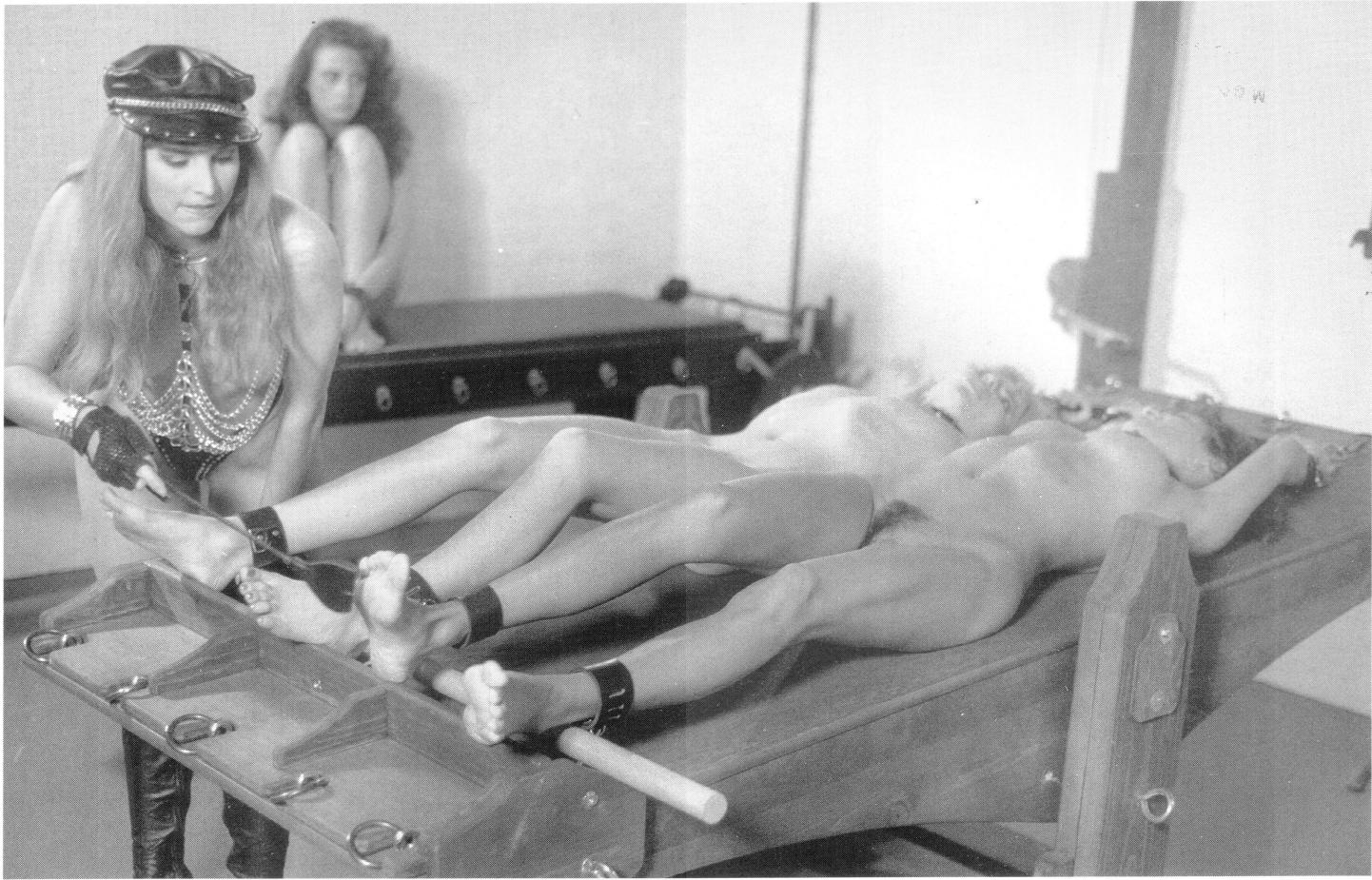




Eyes lit with a fiendish glee, Sonya demonstrated her vicious ingenuity by attaching steel pincers to the points of the handmaidens' sore and swollen tits, then hoisting the pincers aloft by a heavy cord until the girls' breasts were stretched upward under the most rigorous tension. Taking up the whip again, she smacked at their bare feet, producing the very sort of wriggling and squirming they sought so desperately to avoid.

It was more than Ashira could stand. Summoning all her courage, she kicked out at Sonya as she walked by, accusing her of cowardice and daring her do her worst to an adversary worthy of her despicable talents. It was precisely the opportunity for which Sonya had been waiting. She wanted to see her rival plunged from the height of her defiance to a state of utter abjection. That moment was now at hand.





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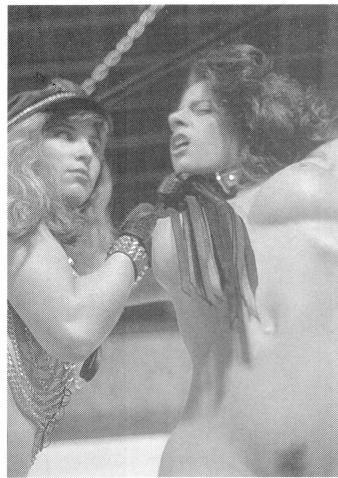
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After dragging Melinda and Deseree back to their cells, Sonya hauled Ashira to her feet, cuffing her hands to an overhead bar. Now the princess herself would taste Sonya's lash. Remembering her suffering at the hands of The Mistress, Ashira steeled herself for what was to follow. Whatever was done to her, she would never forget who she was.

As stoically as she could, she bore up under Sonya's steadily rising crescendo of whip strokes. Starting slowly, Sonya built up to a furious cadence, striping Ashira's body anew over the still-healing welts of her last session. Involuntarily, Ashira's gleaming body danced and twisted at the bar, chains rattling to the rhythm of the blows.







Ashira took her medicine with full gallantry of her rank, never once stooping to beg for mercy, or even to scream under the most agonizing of strokes. She gasped and moaned, even shed a tear or two, but denied her captor the satisfaction of surrender. Even the addition of a brutal press, strapped on over Ashira's voluptuous breasts and tightened down until her nipples ached and throbbed from the pressure, produced no sign of capitulation.

Cranking the bar aloft with the hoist until Ashira was dragged off the dungeon floor to hang agonizingly by her wrists, Sonya set to work with the whip anew, driven to a fury by her prisoner's obdurate resistance. Ashira's full weight swung from the bar, swaying under the blows of the whip as she whimpered through clenched teeth, every muscle of her sleek form standing out from the tension.



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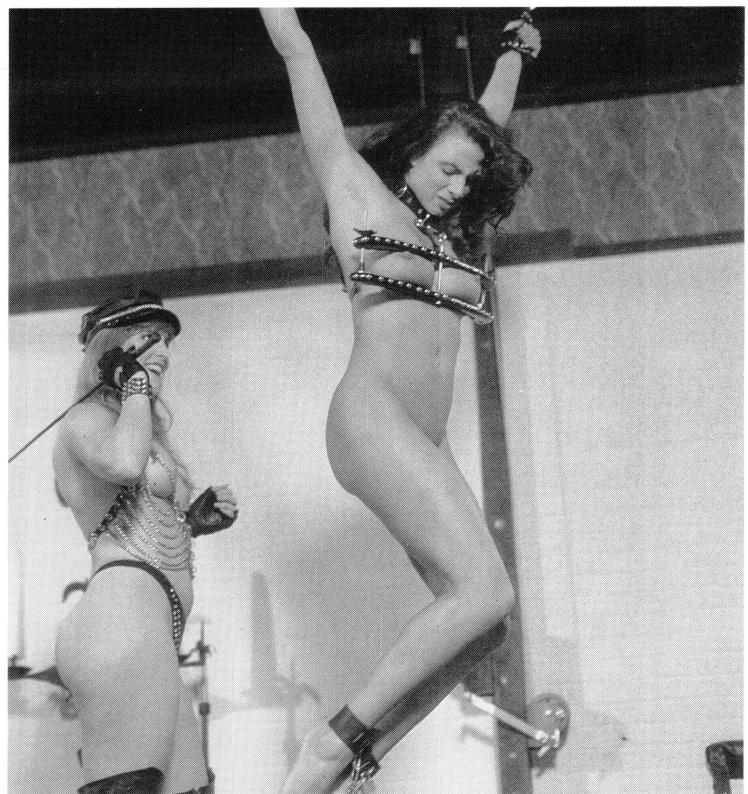
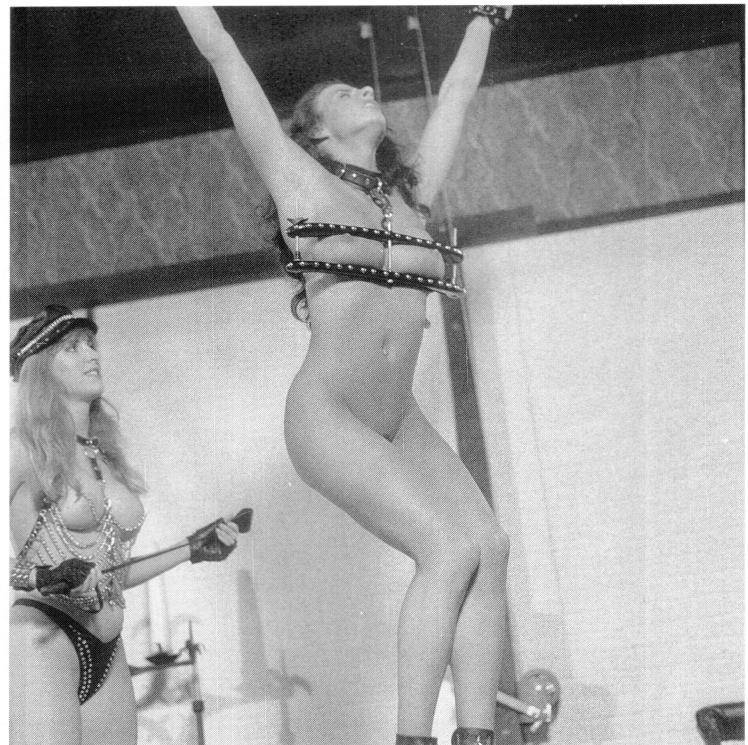
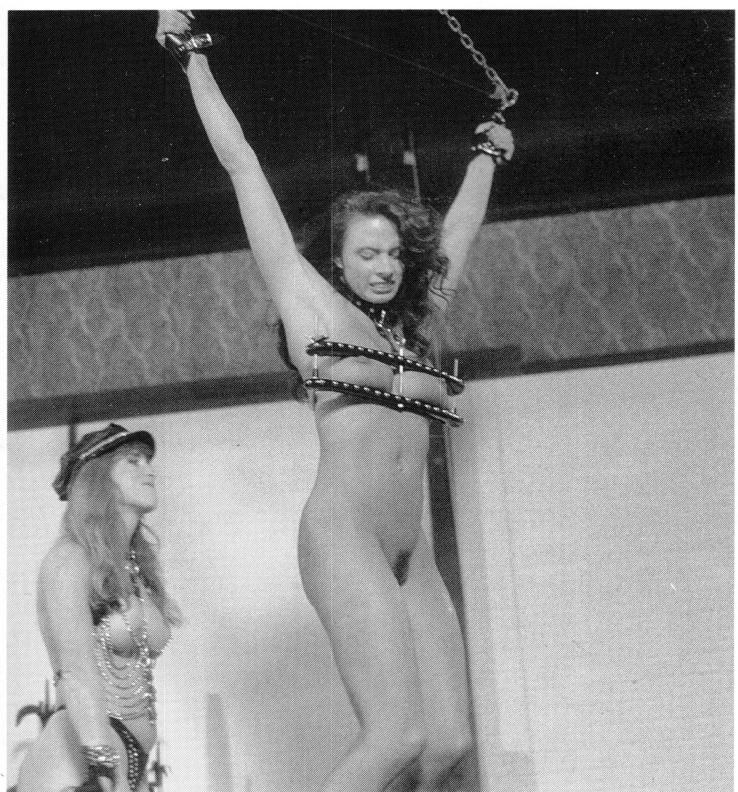
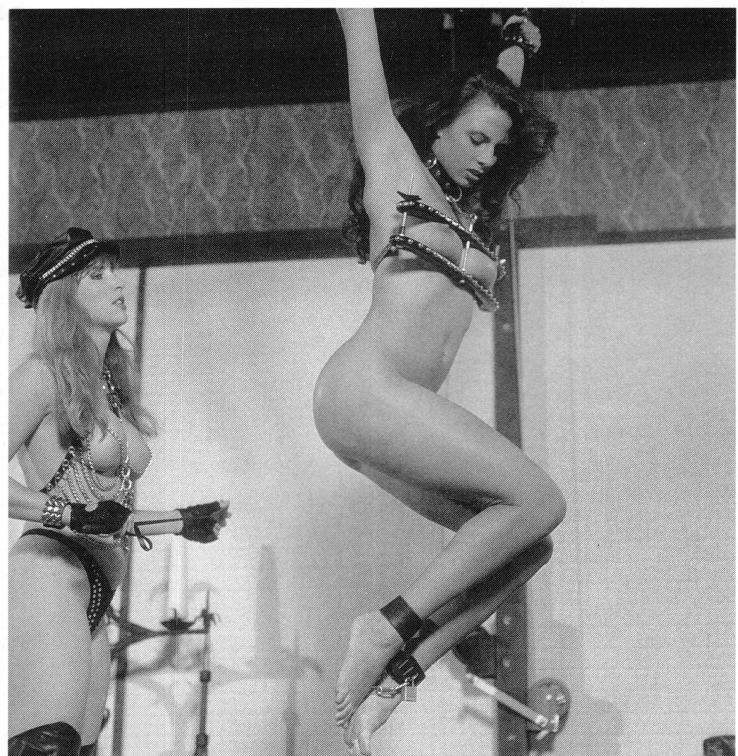
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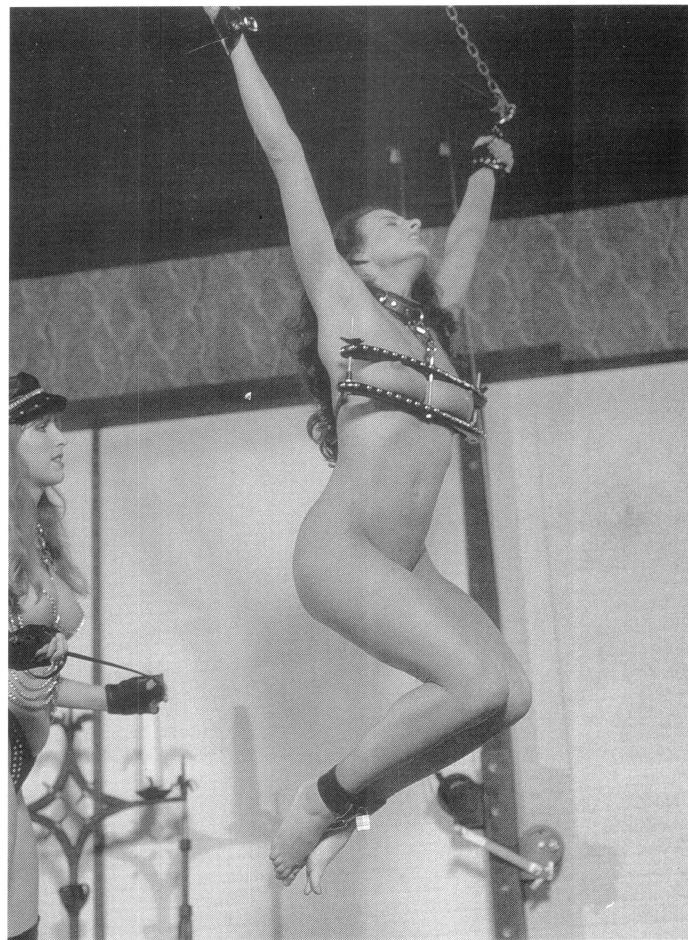
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Eventually, it was Sonya who desisted on her own, setting aside the whip to turn to other, more intimate torments, the skilled caresses of her knowledgeable hands. Even as she had despised Ashira as a rival, she had always admired her as a woman, and her bravery in this very dungeon had only increased that admiration. Seeing her as she was, naked and helpless, Sonya was moved neither by pity nor hatred, but rather by a twisted lust that the perverse delights of the dungeon only served to inflame.

For her own part, Ashira could not help but respond to Sonya's expert touch. The combination of pain and exhaustion, plus the natural vulnerability of her own lubricious nature, conspired against her attempts to resist. It would seem that pleasure might now overcome the resistance that pain could not.



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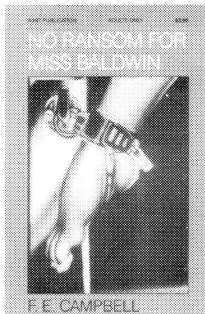
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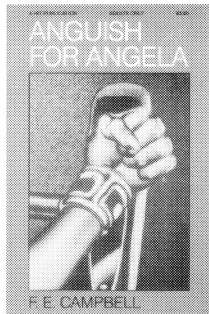


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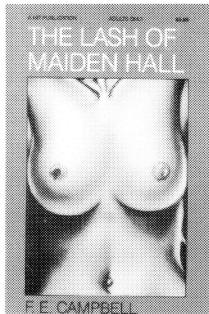
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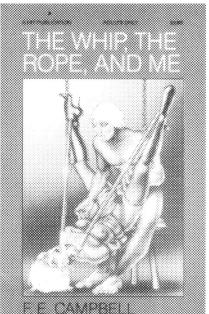
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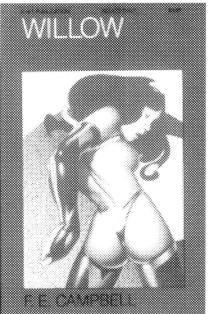
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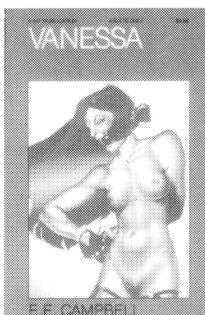
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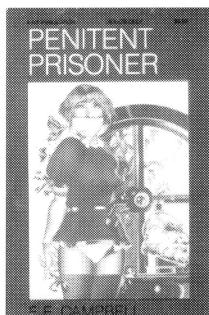
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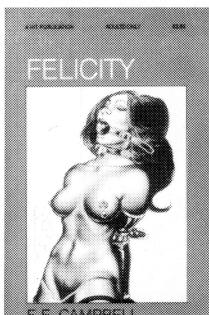
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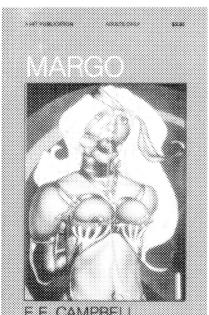
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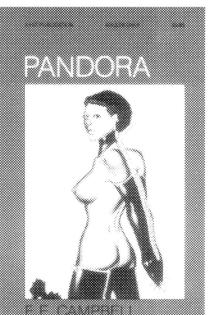
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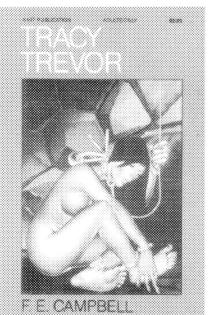
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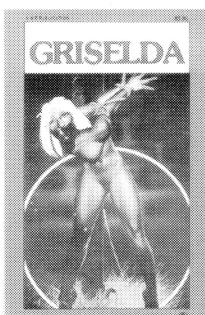
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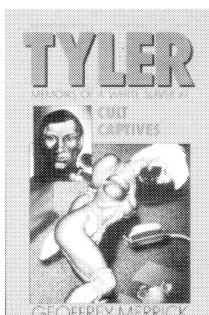
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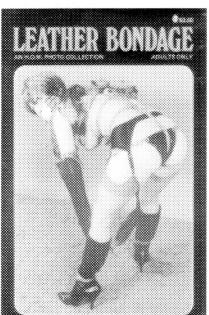
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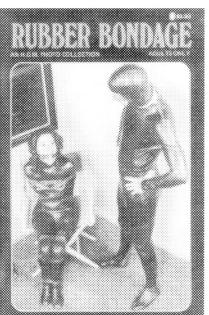
TYLER 7



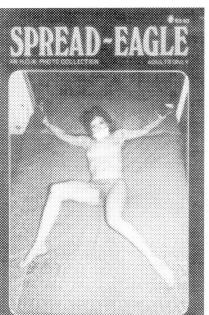
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A short time later, Ashira knelt, still naked, collared and bound, on the vast bed in Sonya's private chambers. It was here that their final contest would take place. Sonya made her intentions clear. If Ashira would accept her lot as Sonya's personal slave, allowing Sonya full use of the princess' body in any way that pleased her, Ashira would be treated well and spared further suffering. If she continued to resist, she would be punished again and again until she resisted no longer. Seeing the hopelessness of her situation, Ashira elected to accept it with whatever grace she could muster. She would accept Sonya's dominion over her in return for freedom for her former handmaidens. Sonya promptly agreed.

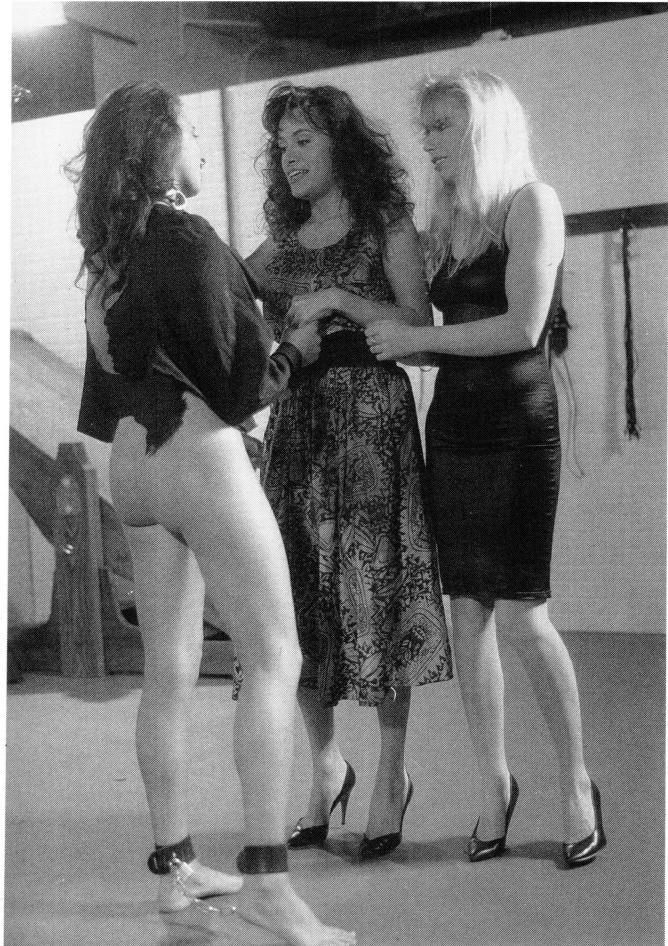


For that one night, Sonya enjoyed her fill of Ashira's charms, giving and receiving every kind of erotic reward that one woman can give another. With skilled hands and lips, Sonya soothed the wounds she had inflicted on Ashira's person, while Ashira strove to please the woman she had accepted, at least for the moment, as her sovereign. They kept each other up until dawn, appreciating the arts of one another's sensuality.





The next day, true to her word, Sonya ordered Melinda and Deseree released. During their departing embrace, the imparted the news to Ashira for which she had been waiting all along. Word had reached the palace that Ashira's father was on his way back to the city with his newly reorganized army. The revolution would soon be history, and Ashira's family firmly back in power. Kissing her servants farewell, Ashira returned to her duties as Sonya's slave happily, knowing that they would be brief, allowing her just enough time to plot a vengeance worthy of royalty.



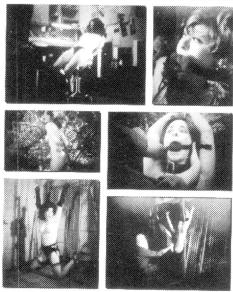


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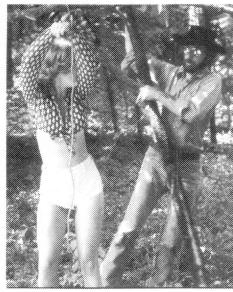
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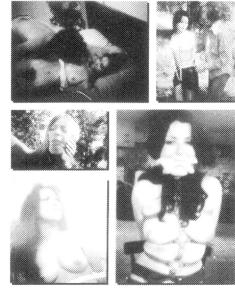
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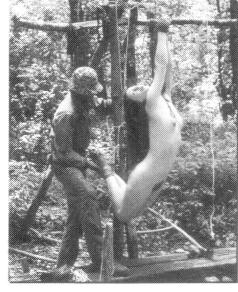
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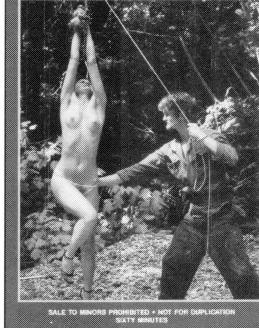
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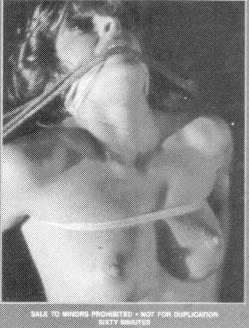


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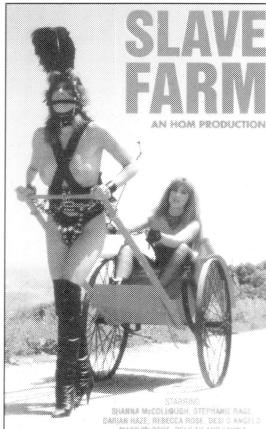
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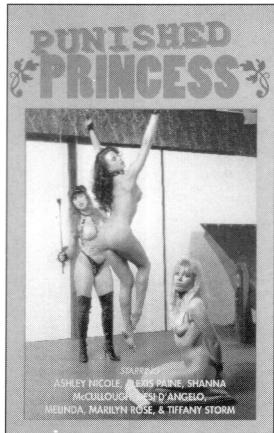
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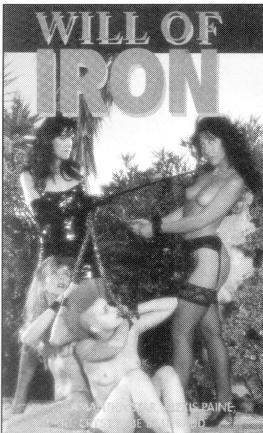
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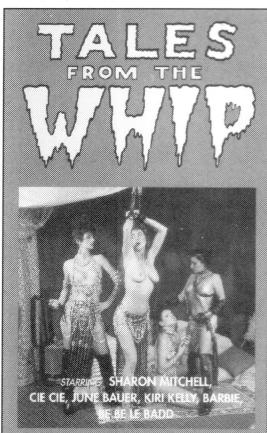
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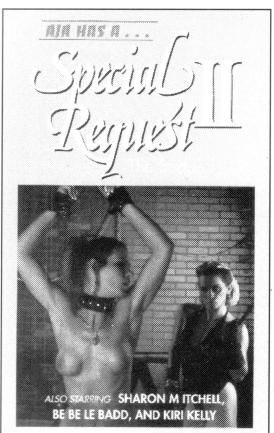
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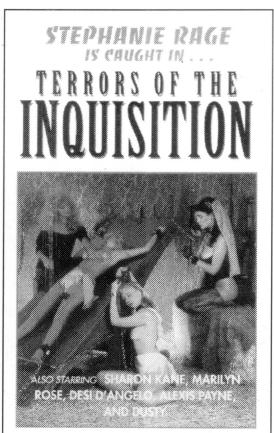
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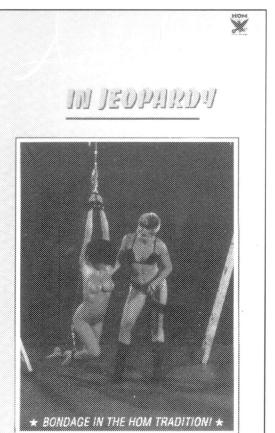
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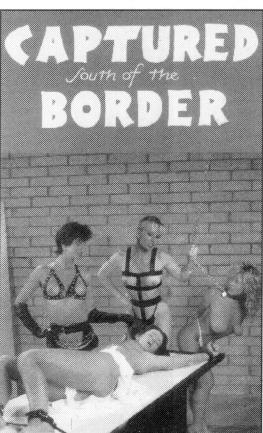
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